

## The World

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## WE "CALL" THE BLUFF.

The following cheerful announcement has stood for a long time at the head of the editorial column of an esteemed evening contemporary:

*The circulation of THE EVENING SUN is larger than that of any other evening paper in the United States.*

This modest claim has long served as a solace to a naturally perturbed editorial mind and to a narrowing circle of admirers of fiction.

But even the fascinating game of journalistic bluff has its disadvantages.

The *Evening World* hereby agrees to pay \$2,000 in cash to the Press Club's charity fund if, upon thorough examination, its bona fide circulation is not found to be every day in the week at least 25 per cent. larger than that of the *Evening Sun*—three prominent advertisers to be the judges.

Now, "show hands" or stop your bluffing.

If this commendable offer is not accepted within ten days we shall increase the percentage!

## OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

*Lucretia K. Carpenter*

## MUNDANE MATTERS.

This is Ash-Wednesday. The wind will distribute ashes over the city much as usual, however, unless reform strikes in on the Ash-carts.

The meetings of the Board of Electrical Control are developing a great deal of uncontrollable electricity. It is believed some of the companies expend so much energy at these meetings that they are unable to do much work on the streets.

"What are we here for?" was the immortal blurb of Office-seeker Daniel Webster Flanagan, of Texas. Is there no office for Mr. Flanagan, now that Harrison is "here?"

The news from Paris is that the Panama Canal is not only dead, but laughing at it. It seems a pity the corpse should lie unburied when so expensive a grave has been dug for it.

The Copper Trust is in peril on the Paris Bourse. New York policemen are in no immediate danger, however.

There is good authority for believing Winter's backbone to be broken. It is as yet, however, too soon to notify the Coroner.

It is not believed that even Prof. Lofsette's mnemonic system would enable some of the stand-holders to remember how they got their privileges in the new market. Not, at least, during the investigation.

The Pennsylvania militia have been disgracing themselves in Washington again. Postmaster-General Wanamaker should send them home with the stamp of his disapproval on their trousers.

The cobbler who won the Mayoralty at Waterloo, Ia., probably wore the Wellington boots our grandfathers were so fond of.

Hail, sun, shine out on the unjust  
And just; though Harrison went in,  
The public edict is: "You must  
Shine out some time, so now begin!"

The President of the great McCormick Reaper Company has gone to the Sandwich Islands on his bridal tour. Here, indeed, is a frugal mind. Some millionaires would have visited La Champagne and the Terrapin Isles.

Cape Cod is preparing to celebrate her quarter-millennium. A quarter of a million quintals of cod would be a great deal, but there can be no doubt that the Cape has produced them, so she has a right to be proud of it.

## ELOPED FROM PAW PAW.

Much Excitement Caused by the Flight of Mr. McLaughlin and Miss Carnahan.

A poetic contributor to *The Evening World*, who apparently reads the news early in the morning, sends in the following despatch clipped from a daily paper and the accompanying poem:

Paw Paw, Ill., March 5.—Great excitement prevails here over the running away of Duke McLaughlin, a twenty-year-old blacksmith, and Miss Carnahan, the pretty thirteen-year-old daughter of the proprietor of the Delaware House, which occurred Sunday evening. Every effort is being made to capture them, and the father offers \$100 reward for their arrest. Both parties have made threats to kill themselves, but it is not probable they will do so.

Agitation at Paw Paw.  
There was a young man of Paw Paw  
Who, in spite of a loving new man,  
Eloped with a twenty-year-old blacksmith  
Named Duke McLaughlin.

That man was a pretty young man,  
And was searching for that young man yet,  
With a firm determination to speak her when  
They get back to the Delaware House, which  
Is kept by the head of the family.

For Cora is only thirteen.  
When she gets back there'll be quite a scene.  
For it is universally admitted in Paw Paw  
That Mr. Carnahan, the father, is fully justified  
In punishing her.

But the girl and her own errand knight  
Are adding more speed to their flight.  
P. S.—Letter despatches say that the young  
folks are still ahead in the race. They  
threaten to kill themselves before submitting  
to capture.

Howards' Sarsaparilla. (Contains cod liver oil and  
sulfur.) (Contains all the elements of health.) 30c.

## PROCTOR'S NEW THEATRE OPENED.

"The Old Homestead" has a rival at last, none the less formidable because tardy. In "The County Fair," which was produced at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre last night and which enjoyed the enviable privilege of being the genuine "opening attraction." The managers of the theatre are to be congratulated on having presented such an excellent bill of fare on an occasion when it is not only pleasant but important to be favorably remembered.

"The County Fair" is called a picture of New England life, and was written by Charles Barnard. Recently how much of the terms and amusing dialogue was due to Mr. Barnard it is impossible to surmise. I have my suspicions that Neil Burgess himself was responsible for much of the amusement. It does not matter much, however. The "picture" is there to be enjoyed. I cannot remember when I spent such a thoroughly delightful evening as I did at the opening of Mr. Proctor's theatre by Neil Burgess.

You can hardly call the production a play. It would be almost libellous to do so. Plays now-a-days often mean "word" games that cost thousands of dollars, a vulgar display of diamonds, brioche-brace by Tom, upholstery by Dick and plush portieres by Harry. So when I say that "The County Fair" is not a play you will understand what I mean.

There is no plot—merely a succession of deliciously relevant episodic sketches, drawn with most felicitous accuracy, and absolutely convincing in their truth to nature. I have always thought that nature herself was sufficiently amusing to furnish all the fun that the play-which would possibly desire, and furnish it legitimately, too. The crude and ridiculous exaggeration of the Hoyt school are so unnecessary, if writers would only believe it. What need is there to caricature so grossly, when in nearly every type can be found genuine humor if it is only carefully looked for? Why pummel out laughter when it will roll forth on oiled wheels if you can only find it in the play?

"The County Fair" is a convincing play. Mr. Burgess has never done such admirable work as that shown in *Miss Abigail Prue*. It is infinitely better than "Vim," of which, however, at times it is suggestive. The shrewish, prudish, kind-hearted New England woman is admirably painted. I don't see why New England, however, should be supposed to monopolize this quaint type. It is found in old England with very little difference. It flourishes in the middle counties, and there are many Rock Bottom farms in Warwickshire and Worcester-shire.

The interest in Mr. Burgess's impersonation is to be found, not in its broad outlines, but in the thousand dainty little artistic touches that could only have been acquired by long and careful study. In every detail Miss Abigail Prue is an admirable picture. Without these details the picture might be looked upon as a Hottentot caricature.

I have never seen anything more legitimately amusing than the hymn-singing episode. Miss Prue takes up her hymn book, arranges her spectacles, sits in her rocking-chair, relegates Sally Greenaway to the harmonium and then joins in the song. The expression of her face, the diligent, rasping voice, the attention, at first rapid but finally wandering to the oven, and the air of relief with which the hymn-book is finally closed are simply masterly touches.

"The County Fair" may possibly be spoken of lightly by some, but Neil Burgess's interpretation defies criticism. It is a piece of work which any artist might feel proud of.

"The County Fair" is admirably put upon the stage. The scenery is appropriate and pretty. Gostcher is responsible for a great deal, and the background he painted to Abby's barn is one of the best of the many good things that have come from his brush. Nothing more touching than the barn scene has been presented in a long time. Miss Abigail learns that her old house is to pass from her hands unless she can pay a certain mortgage, which the chances are against her ever being able to pay. So the full beauty of her little farm is made all the more apparent. The corn-husking scene in the barn, the queer country dance, and the singing of the corn-huskers were most satisfying. Perhaps the pastor's interest of the scene was slightly marred by Miss Clara Thorpe's song and dance.

Miss Thorpe is clever, but in "The County Fair" I should like to have forgotten that there were such things on earth as sonnettes. Mr. Archie Boyd contributed a sketch of a countryman that was worthy of Denham Thompson. It was an excellent piece of work. The rest of the cast called for no special mention.

The new theatre has been described in these columns. It looked very handsome last night. The only fault I can find with the arrangements—and it will be noticed by many—is that the rows of seats are too close together. If you happen to possess an aisle seat all will be well. If you are not so lucky, however, you will never be able to go out between acts "to see a man" without disturbing every occupant of the chairs between you and the aisle. I look upon this as a deplorable.

ALAN DALK.

## BOOKKEEPER GARTNER'S INAUGURAL.

Impressed on a Charge of Larceny on His Return from Washington.

Leo Gartner, aged twenty-five, of 23 Stuyvesant street, a bookkeeper in the employ of Morris, Marks & Wolf, tailors, of 202 Bowery, was held for trial at the Essex Market Court this morning for the larceny of \$125 from his employers.

A firm said that Gartner collected the money and appropriated it to pay his expenses of a trip to Washington.

He attended the inaugural ceremonies, and on his return last night was arrested by Detective Reap and Connor, of the Eleventh Precinct.

## NEARLY CHOPPED UP A TENANT.

A Janitor and His Wife Held for Using an Axe on Mr. Arnold.

Henry Oswald and his wife, Kate, of 375 Broome street, were arraigned at the Tombs Court this morning, for assaulting Arthur Arnold, a tenant in the same house, with an axe and a bar of wood. The Arnolds are janitors of the tenement and had given notice to Arnold to quit.

Arnold was met going into the house last night, and a fight ensued, during which his head was cut open with an axe, while Oswald had his left eye closed and his left hand fractured. The Arnolds were each held in \$1,000 bail for trial.

## TOO POOR TO LIVE.

A Man Who Was Out of Work Suicides on the Streets in Boston.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)  
BOSTON, March 6.—The body of a man was found lying in a dark corner on Kneeland street at midnight yesterday, with a revolver tightly gripped in the right hand.

The discovery was made by a party of gentlemen who heard the report of the pistol. The man expired almost immediately afterwards.

The body was identified as that of John J. Dunlop, who was a bartender and had a family.

It is presumed that his suicide was induced by poverty, he having been out of work for some time.

## Got Too Near the River's Edge.

William Jones, an old man, fell off the pier at the Staten Island Ferry before daybreak this morning. His cries brought Policemen Henry and Coffey, who dragged him out of the water half dead. He was taken to the Gouverneur Hospital.

## WIT FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

WHAT THE PARAGRAPHERS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY ARE SAYING.

A Modern Mother.  
(From Punch.)



Mrs. Lenox Hill, Jr.—I'm so glad you're come! Lenox. Christina, the nurse-girl, left this morning, and as she's taught little Beckman nothing but Swedish I can't find out what he wants.

Like the Original.  
(From the Burlington Free Press.)  
Popinjay—I declare, Blobsen, that picture of your wife is a speaking likeness.

Blobsen (gloomily)—I wouldn't be my wife if it wasn't.

Almost, but Not Quite.  
(From the Pittsburg Chronicle.)  
New Yorker (to friend)—Hello! where have you been all this while? I thought you were dead.

Friend—Oh, no; I'm living in Jersey now. New Yorker—Same thing.

Friend—No, not exactly. It is only just Bayonne.

Quite the Reverse.  
(From the Chicago Tribune.)  
Mrs. Billis—John, I had such a funny dream last night. It seemed to me it was my wedding day, but the bridegroom wasn't you. He was a man I never had seen before—a tall, fine-looking—

Mr. Billis (who is short and dumpy)—I'll be hanged if I can see anything funny in that dream, Maria!

Charity Awaken From Home.  
(From the Chicago Tribune.)  
"You poor little fellow! On the street in rage such a day as this! Have you no home?"

"Yes, I live in that house on the other side of the street."

"You have no mother, have you, poor child?" "Yes, she and forty other women are in there now, makin' embroidered nightgowns for the Zulus."

Philosophical.  
(From the Burlington Free Press.)  
Doctor—Bummer, I will tell you candidly, every glass of liquor you drink is a nail in your coffin.

Bummer—Well, doctor, you can't expect a fellow's coffin to hang together without nails.

They Go High Too.  
(From the Boston Courier.)  
St. Peter—Well, who are you?

Applicant (diffidently)—I'm one of the four hundred.

St. P.—That's enough—come right in. Heaven couldn't get along without you.

Any Other Letters Just as Good.  
(From Punch.)  
Impenitent Looker—Jemima, did you ask Mrs. Maggies whether she would take my I. O. U. for this quarter's rent, as I'm rather—

Maid of All Work—Yes, sir, and she says she won't, sir, not if you was to holler 'er 'ole halp!

Suggesting the Vanderbilt Idea.  
(From the Boston Courier.)  
A large crop of ice has been stored, but the ice-man will be able to pay by the winter water and the summer price.

When the Winter is cold from the Fall to the Spring, and thick is the ice, 'Tis harder to cut than when it is thin And thin, too, increases the price.

So take it however you will, Still played is the annual game, The crop may be large or be small, The public is shinned all the same.

An Echo from the Arion Hall.  
(From Punch.)

Masker—Have you got a knife about you, waiter? My friend and I came here as the famous twins, but he's been overdoing it a little, and I want to cut the rope.

TOO POOR TO LIVE.  
A Man Who Was Out of Work Suicides on the Streets in Boston.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)  
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The discovery was made by a party of gentlemen who heard the report of the pistol. The man expired almost immediately afterwards.

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It is presumed that his suicide was induced by poverty, he having been out of work for some time.

## HISLERY!

LAST Great Sale of the Season. Our entire stock to be sold this week at FINAL CLEARING PRICES. See the splendid samples in the Windows and on the Counters. There certainly hasn't been a time within the past ten years when you could get such absolute bargains.

500 dozen Ladies' full regular made BALBRIGGAN, sale price..... 11c.  
500 dozen Ladies' fancy striped HOSE, full regular, sale price..... 11c.  
500 dozen Ladies' solid colored and black HOSE, full regular, with split toes, sale price..... 15c.  
500 dozen Ladies' warranted fast black English Derby Ribbed HOSE, sale price..... 25c.  
1 lot of fancy Cotton HOSE, goods formerly sold at 25c., 30c. and 40c., sale price..... 25c.  
100 dozen Ladies' Black Brilliant Lisle HOSE, 100 dozen won't last many days, but while they do last the price will be..... 19c.

1 lot of Children's 3-thread Fast Black Ribbed HOSE, sizes 6 to 9, sale price..... 15c.  
1 lot of Extreme Fancy Brilliant Lisle Thread Ladies' HOSE in all the latest boot patterns. These goods cost to import \$7 to \$8 per dozen and re-tail for 60c. and 70c., sale price..... 39c.  
500 dozen Men's Mode and Tans English split foot HALF HOSE, retail price, 25c.; sale price..... 12c.  
500 dozen Men's fine Balbriggan HALF HOSE, sale price..... 12c.  
100 dozen Men's Lisle Thread HALF HOSE, in Mode and Tans, sale price..... 25c.

Special in Gloves.  
500 dozen Ladies' 4-Button Suede Glace KID GLOVES, sale price..... 69c.  
100 dozen Ladies' 8-Button REAL KID MOUSQUETAIRE, Tans and Slates, Our Regular \$1.50 Glove; sale price..... 89c.

Bloomingtondale Bros.,  
Third Ave. and 59th St.

## FOR ABDUCTING ELSA ELIAS.

MOELLER'S DASH FOR A FORTUNE GETS HIM NINE MONTHS IN JAIL.

A German Cell Instead of a Life of Luxury with the Pretty Helms to the New York Brewer's \$800,000—Elsa is in a Convent School Preparing for Her Narrow Escape from an Unhappy Fate.

Oscar Moeller, the young German shopkeeper, who eloped with Elsa Elias, daughter of wealthy Henry Elias, the dead brewer, has received a nine months' sentence for "abducting" the girl. Wagner, his business partner, was sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment on an accessory. The fair Elsa is in a convent in this town.

Pretty Miss Elias was only seventeen when Oscar walked off with her. She had \$200,000 worth of charms. Mrs. Elias and Elsa were sojourning in Cassel, Germany, when the elopement took place. She knew that Moeller was stuck on Elsa, but she objected to his doing the Lohengrin business, as he was poor and Elsa was only a mere girl.

When Mrs. Elias came back to the United States for a five months' visit she left Elsa at Mrs. Albrecht's school. Mrs. Albrecht was a friend of Moeller. Oscar seized the golden opportunity and ran away with the young maiden heiress to a goodly share in old Elsa's millions.

Lawyer Untermyer got them arrested in England just as they were about to sail for America. Moeller is a fascinating German blonde, wears his abundant mustaches waxed à la Napoleon III., wears shiny top boots and posed as an army man.

He was taken to Germany for trial. The punishment for abduction there is five years, so he is lucky in getting off with a nine months' confinement.

He had seduced a young frau who became the mother of his two children. He told her to be quiet till he had bagged the heiress and her good American money, and then he would shake Elsa and marry her.

Moeller is thirty-seven. When arrested he played it pretty low down by saying that the girl was abducting him. He declared that Elsa asked him to fly with her. They tried to get married but so clericalism would do it. Elsa told him it could be managed in America, and so they started for that land of promise.

Moeller was travelling with a false passport, made out for a German waiter named Butt.

Noted in New Haven.  
(From the New Haven Morning Journal and Courier.)  
The New York Evening World in a recent issue gave a portrait of Mr. W. E. Penney, an esteemed gentleman of this city, a number of whose bright and genial social efforts were published in the *Courier* in the last year or two.

The Deadly Pie Wagon New.  
Ten-year-old Louis Truss, of 1157 Third avenue, was run over at Sixty-seventh street and Third avenue at 8 o'clock this morning by a pie wagon belonging to the Manhattan Bakery Company. He received severe injuries and was taken to the Presbyterian Hospital. The wagon was driven by Henry Bourne, who was arrested.

Among the Workers.  
The Bakers' National Union in session at the Anti-Labor bill has been defeated in the Ohio Legislature.

The Food Producers' and Metal Workers' Section met to-night at 145 Eighth street.

The Bricklayers' Union will be held at Kansas City next year.

Owing to some misunderstanding the Miscellaneous Section of the International Brotherhood of Printing Trades Section transacted routine business.

THE GENUINE JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT  
THE FAVORITE TONIC AND NUTRIENT, recommended by all prominent Physicians.

DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, NERVOUSNESS, LUNG TROUBLES, FLEA WEAK AND DEBILITATED.

The genuine has the signature of "Johann Hoff" and "Moritz Elsner" on the neck of every bottle.

THE GENUINE JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT is only in the SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U. S. style of bottles.

6 Barclay St., New York.

## THE SCHEDULES. THE OPERA QUEEN.

A Letter from Miss Pauline Hall, the Casino Favorite.

The Year's Programme for League and Association.  
New York Seems to Have Her Share of Plams.  
A Very Good Lay-Out Also for Brooklyn.

At Washington, shortly before 12 o'clock last night, the League adopted its schedule for the season of 1889.

There was but little wrangling indulged in at the meeting, and that was for the most part confined to Pittsburgh and Chicago. The representatives of both clubs were finally sufficiently satisfied to affix their signatures to the scheme.

New York has certainly no ground for complaint. Last year Philadelphia and Chicago secured the honors in the way of holiday dates at home and short journeys between games abroad. Manager Mutrie growled about the many miles of obligatory travel all last season, and swore that New York would run that Convention this year. Apparently Jim has kept his word, for not only will the Giants play at home on two holidays this year, but their mileage of travel is appreciably shortened.

On July 4 it will be seen that the Giants play in Indianapolis, while the Hoosiers play here on Memorial Day, and the Pittsburghers are to visit New York on Labor Day (Sept. 2). Besides this, the Giants have their share of Saturdays at home. In all probability the Giants will have a better home record than the Hoosiers, who have only one home game on the Polo Grounds, newly decorated by the League and World's championship.

The following is the League schedule:  
New York at Home—With Boston—April 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, May 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, May 31, June 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, June 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, August 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, September 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, October 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, November 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, December 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, January 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, February 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, March 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, April 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, May 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, June 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, August 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, September 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, October 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13,